Genious Is Talent for Work

Success Is Not an Accident: Those Who Become Great Invariably Work Hard to Win.

By Madison C. Peters.

GENIUS is the power of making effort. It is patience. It is the talent for hard work.

Our greatest men have been those who forced their way upward in the face of manifold obstruction, have been among the least believers in the power of genius and were as energetic and persevering as the successful men of common sort.

Sir Isaac Newton was a born genius. His philosophy sought with all comprehensive grasp to encircle the universe of God and yet when asked by what means he had worked out his extraordinary discoveries, he modestly answered: "By always thinking upon them."

Sir Joshua Reynolds was such a believer in the force of industry, that he held, "excellence in art, however expressed by genius may be acquired."

Bayle said of Meyerbeer: "He has some talent, but no genius; he lives solitary, working 15 hours a day at music.' Years passed. Meyerbeer's hard work made him a genius.

Beethoven's favorite maxim was: "The barriers are not erected which can say to aspiring talents and industry—thus far and no farther."

The indefatigable industry of Lord Brougham, Raphael, da Vinci, Angelo, Titian, Haydn, Arkwright and Jenner are matters of history.

Studies Earthworm 44 Years.

Darwin collected his facts with almost incredible care, on the action of the earthworm in the formation of the mold, he spent 44 years from its commencement to publication.

Dickens illustrated his saying "there is no substitute for thorough going and sincere earnestness," by living day and night with the characters of his creation.

Plato wrote the first sentence in his "Republic" nine times before he had it to suit him.

Gibbon rewrote the first chapter of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" ten times and spent 25 years on the whole work.

Macauley, who wrote his best essays three times, said: "The world generally gives its admiration, not to the man who does what nobody else ever attempts to do, but to the man who does best what the multitudes do well."

Wendell Phillips became America's greatest orator, because to natural ability he added ambition for perfection, every word had to be shaped to express his exact thought, every phrase had to be one of length and cadence and every sentence had to be perfectly balanced before it left his lips. As a result exact precision characterized his style.

Success Not an Accident.

Rufus Choate declared that success was not an accident, "You might as well let drop a Greek alphabet and expect to pick up the Iliad."

Millais said: "I work harder than any plowman; my advice to boys is, work."

Things no longer come to him who waits, but to him who hustles while he waits.

We are bringing up in America a numerous train of idlers who are passing down the stream of life at the expense of their fellow passengers.

The world does not owe us a living. Every man owes the world work.

Luck waits for something to turn up. Pluck turns up something.

Had luck is a man with his hands in his pockets waiting to see how things will turn out.

Good luck is man with his sleeves rolled up, hard at work, making things go!

The Daily Novelette

WHAT'S THE USE.

(Editor's note: Today we have with us Humphry Maudlin, the world-famous realist, to whom we have cheerfully paid his regular rate of $3.25 a word for the following story in our steadfast determination to give our readers the best and only the best, regardless of expense.)

(A Short Story.)

A HIDEOUS green caterpillar was crawling slowly and loathsomely along a spitzelwood twig.

Its eyes were pink and without lashes.

It had a horrid fuzzy spine running from its yellow ears all the way to its termination.

Unsightly purple whiskers almost hid its face.

"Never mind," thought the caterpillar, "I know I am ugly and disagreeable now, but wait, just wait. Soon I shall have a cocoon about myself and take a nice long nap, and when I wake the cocoon will open and I shall emerge, a dazling beautiful butterfly. I know the other insects look down upon me now, but let them wait, that's all, let them wait!"

And in time, sure enough, the unsightly and unhappy caterpillar disappeared inside a smooth cocoon.

And then—a bewhiskered bugologist grabbed the cocoon with a howl of delight and plunged it in preserving alcohol.

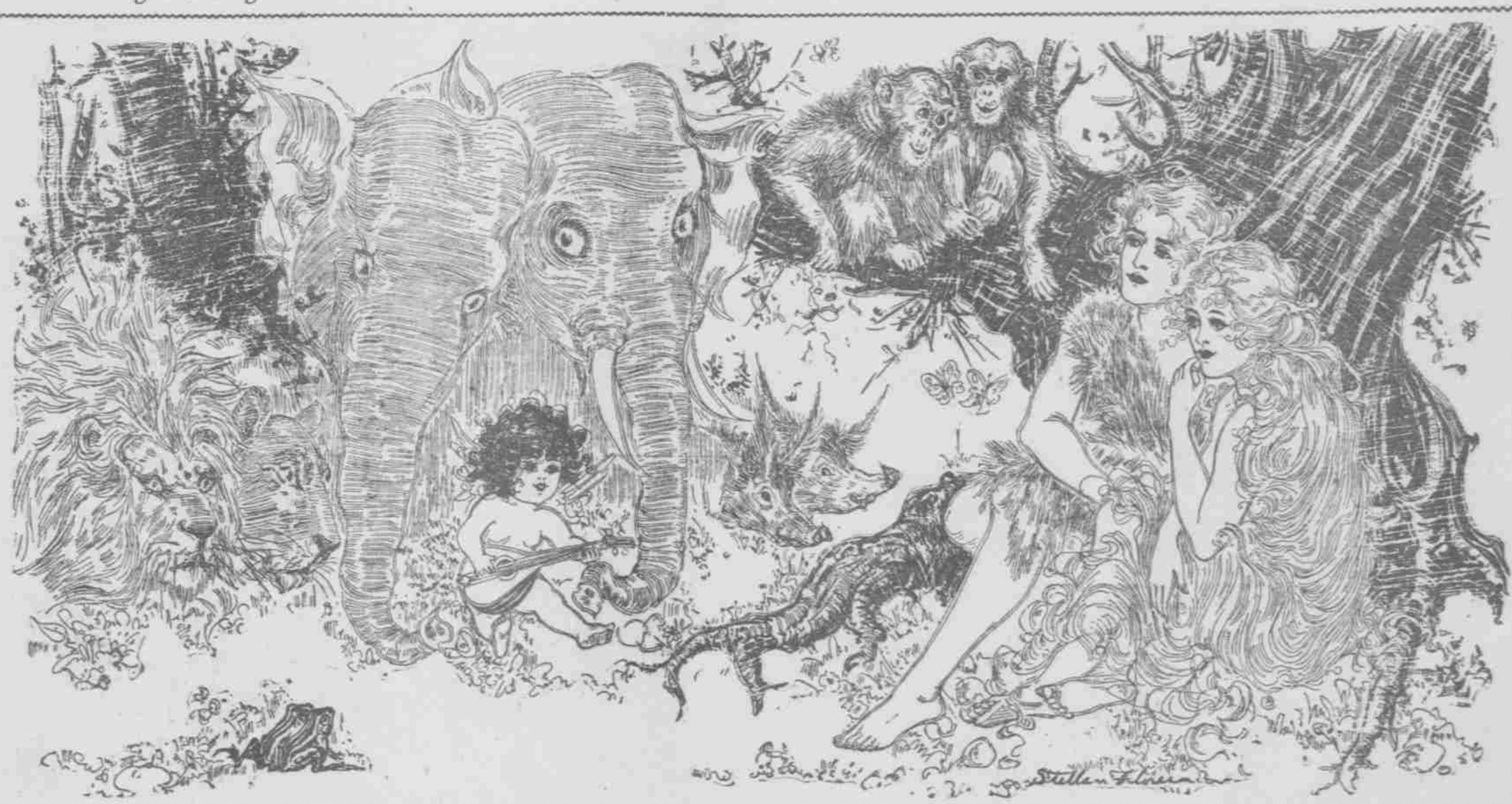
British Provide Mosque For Turkish Prisoners

Cairo, Egypt, April 24.—The British authorities have screened off a large room for the Turkish prisoners of war at Tours to use as a mosque and praying mats for the faithful are provided. When they complained of their bread, which was the same as that eaten by British officers, they immediately received the flat cake of bread baked according to the ancient Turkish recipe. The captives have only one complaint—they are forced to take exercise.

OPHELIA

The Magic Song

BY STELLA FLORES



IN THE spring of bygone days the notes of a magic song thrilled through the forest, and all the wild folk would gather together fearlessly to hear the sweet music. In pairs they came, and their eyes grew opalescent and burned with soft fire as they listened. And the little cave woman, sheathed like a lily in her glorious masses of coppery hair, snuggled up fearlessly against the magnificent young cave man who had just wooed her with his club.

Today the forest folk are far away, yet they always hear the song in spring. But the children of the cave man and woman of long ago are still more fortunate. For those who have once listened to the song together can hear it all the time if they cherish it.

And by its magic there is always spring in their hearts.

—STELLA FLORES.

Rains Which Often Drench Battlefields Not Caused By Battle Roar, Says Science

—By— Rene Bache

U. S. Government Efforts to Produce Rain by Bombarding the Clouds Proves That Explosions in Air Do Not Cause Precipitation.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 24.—Many well informed persons are disposed to attribute the recent remarkably wet weather in Belgium, northern France, and Poland to the incessant cannonading that has been going on in these regions. Certainly in all previous history there was never any such wholesale shooting off of explosives, and, if there is truth in the theory that the firing of guns brings rain, the skies of Europe by this time ought nearly to have fallen.

The United States government, in 1892, made an attempt to prove or disprove this theory once for all, an appropriation of $12,000 being made by congress for the purpose. An arid plain in western Kansas was chosen as the scene of operations, and the heavens were attacked with a regular line of battle. Wooden mortars, planted at regular intervals in the ground for a distance of two miles, were loaded with "rackarock" and other explosive calculated to agitate the atmosphere as violently as possible, while loads of dynamite carried aloft by scores of balloons and kites were set off simutaneously by electricity.

Government Attempt Fails.

The whole affair was under the direction of experts of the department of agriculture—the idea in view being to discover a method whereby showers might be artificially obtained in arid regions. There were 60 balloons, each 10 feet in diameter, and 100 large kites. A whole train of freight cars was required to transport the paraphernalia, together with a quantity of explosives sufficient to stock a fair sized volcano in active operation. Both kites and balloons, when aloft, were controled by double insulated wires; and, when they reached the desired elevation, the explosives they carried were set off by touching the button of an electric instrument on the ground.

By this means heavy charges of dynamite were conveyed even into the exterior of clouds, and there exploded. While the balloons shook the skies, and the kite tails went bang, the mortars vomited forth fire and noise all along the two mile line. For three days the racket was kept up,—at the end of which time it was understood that the expedition would hoist its umbrellas and calmly await the downpour, consoled for the inconvenience by the plaudits of a grateful agricultural population.

Rain Refuses to Fall.

Strange to say, however, not a drop of rain fell. The government expedition, having used up all its fireworks, stole silently away. The farmers were disappointed and disgusted. It had been explained to them that, if the experiment succeeded, it might be worth their while to use similar methods to make rain. The expense involved would not be worth considering in a case where a good drenching shower in a given section might be worth say, $50,000 or $100,000.

Nevertheless, only four years ago, a United States senator from the state of Washington asked Gen. Leonard Wood, then chief of staff of the army, to order the firing of a series of salvos by 141 big guns in the fortifications at Puget Sound—the object in view being to bring rain to put out forest fires that were raging at the time. The matter was referred to the weather bureau, which declared the suggestion an absurdity, and, on the strength of this expert opinion, the senator's request was refused.

The above described experiment in Kansas was undertaken by direction of congress, which is hardly to be regarded as a body of scientists. Those in charge of it thought that the explosives would have the effect of jostling together the small particles of moisture suspended in the atmosphere, so as to form large ones and rain. Another notion they had was that the tremendous concussions produced by the dynamite and rackarock would make a hole in the air, into which the moist particles would rush, thus bringing about condensation and precipitation.

Is An Old Time Belief.

For many centuries it has been believed that great battles are usually followed by rainstorms. The phenomenon, in days before gunpowder was employed in war, was attributed to the noise made by the clashing of swords against shields and coats of mail. Later on it was referred to the agitation of the atmosphere by explosives. But the weather bureau declares that the belief in question has no basis whatever in fact, and that rain has never yet been brought from the clouds by human agency.

When the question of firing the big guns at Puget Sound came up, Prof. Willis L. Moore, chief of the weather bureau, wrote: "The reason why rain has usually followed the great battles of history is that military commanders move armies and begin engagements, when possible, on fair days. Then, as rain falls on an average one day in three, if it does not follow a battle, the reason why is that there is a drouth."

Think Hail Preventable.

If, on the one hand, many people believe that rain can be produced artificially, a faith is held even more widely than hail can be preventable. This idea is especially prevalent in Europe, where, for some reason unexplained, hail is far more destructive to agriculture than in our own country. Vineyards in particular suffer enormous damage from this cause. Thus it comes about that in that part of the world resort is had to many strange expedients for the prevention of hailstorms. One of these is the ringing of church bells. This method has been popular for centuries, and is still in common use, although long ago forbidden by the pope.

The vineyardists quite generally believe that lightning rods, being useful in thunderstorms, afford protection against the hail which often accompany such phenomena. More than a century ago, in France and other European countries, there were in use for this purpose hundreds of thousands of socalled "paragreles"—tall, metal-topped poles, set up in the fields. Indeed, they are quite commonly employed even at the present day, though mostly replaced by the more modern "hail cannon."

The hail cannon is a small mortar, to the muzzle of which is attached a sheetiron funnel. There is no projectile. The explosion of the charge sends aloft a whirling ring of smoke and gas which, sailing through the air with great energy and a whistling sound, is supposed to have a tendency to dissipate the threatening clouds. Both the Austrian and Italian governments have made serious investigation of this method of preventing hail, but have failed to endorse it.

Science Withholds Endorsement.

The fact is that, up to now, science, which knows of no way to make rain, is equally unacquainted with any means whereby hail can be prevented. Science holds the theory that hailstones start from very far aloft, where the temperature may be hundreds of degrees below zero. This is inferred from the fact that the core of a big hailstone always has a much lower temperature than the outer layers. By measuring such temperatures it is possible to get a notion of the altitude at which the individual hailstone was formed.

To make a study of hailstones, it is necessary to catch them first. This may be accomplished by allowing them to fall upon a bed or soft cotton, or upon a sheet of strong paper floated on the surface of a barrel of water. This idea is to avoid injury to the hailstones, and to prevent the partial melting which is likely to follow when, on striking, the energy of gravity is suddenly transformed into heat. Large hailstones, curiously enough, seem to be made up of a series of skins, like an onion.

Especially in the spring time rain or hail is likely to be accompanied by electric discharges from the skies, and here again is a matter in regard to which there are widely accepted mistakes. For one thing, it is said that lightning never strikes twice in the same place, but the fact is exactly opposite. Thunderstorms have a way of following certain tracks, and a building once struck is liable to be struck again.

How to Escape Lightning.

If you want to know how to escape death by lightning, here are some "don'ts" which are derived from the highest scientific authority.

Don't use wire clotheslines. Many people in this country every year are struck by lightning while hanging out or removing clothes from such lines. A thunderstorm threatens, the anxious housewife, or "hired girl," rushes out to take in the family wash. A flash, which follows the wires, and she is knocked down, perhaps killed.

During a thunderstorm, don't ever use a telephone.

Don't stand near a haystack, a telephone pole, a rain water pipe, or a lightning rod.

Don't ride or lead a bicycle.

Don't hold up an umbrella, or a fishing rod. Lightning is not attracted by such objects, but a flash on its way to the earth gives out innumerable smaller discharges, so that to be near any object containing metal, or that projects into the air, is unwise.

A shock that would cause slight injury to a person whose clothing is dry may be fatal if the individual has been out for some time in the rain.

The safest place during a thunderstorm is inside of a house. People at home are rarely killed by lightning.

But, if at home, keep away from the fireplace. If the chimney is struck, the grate and its surroundings will almost certainly be blown out into the room. Also it is worth while, under such circumstances, to avoid the hot water pipes.

Danger Less in Town.

In a town there is much less danger from lightning than in the country. One reason why is that smoke from many chimneys has a tendency to dissipate thunderstorms. Another is that numerous overhead wires have a shielding effect. It follows that lightning rods are not so much needed in cities as in suburban and rural districts.

A fact worth mentioning in this connection is that great numbers of cattle are killed by lightning discharges which run along wire fences. This might be prevented by protecting the fences at intervals with properly "grounded" wires.

During a thunderstorm electric energy is stored between the clouds and the earth, and the object of the lightning conductor is to dissipate it as quietly as possible.

But it must not be dissipated too quickly. Nobody in his senses would try to stop suddenly a flywheel or a railroad locomotive. An armor plate may be able to stop a cannonball quickly, but a heap of sand or loose earth will do it more safely, because more gradually.

An iron rod is not a perfect conductor of electricity. It offers a certain amount of resistance to the flash, while allowing it to pass, and so get rid of it safely. If the flash passed along it without meeting any resistance, the result would be equivalent to an explosion.

Old Idea Dissipated.

The old idea was that all that was wanted was an easy channel to the earth, down which the electricity might travel. The larger the conductor, the better. The only reason for not using a copper rod a foot thick was the expense. But now it is known that such a rod would be dangerous.

Copper is a better conductor of electricity than iron; but it does not make so good a lightning rod for this very reason. It allows the discharge to pass too quick. The flash is liable to leave the rod in side flashes, which may set fire to the house.

Unnecessary bends in lightning rods, and especially abrupt turns, should be avoided. Lightning prefers to move in a straight line, sharp turns offer hindrances that may give rise to side flashes.

The lightning rod was made known by its inventor, Benjamin Franklin, in 1752. From a present day point of view, it is curious to consider the fact that the utilization of this gift to mankind was opposed by the pulpit, on the ground that it was "an impious to erect rods to ward off Heaven's lightnings as for a child to ward off the chastening rod of its father."

As Many Bullets Fired in One Battle As in Boer War

London, Eng., April 24.—During the battle of Neuve Chapelle, in the month of March, as much ammunition was expended as was used during the entire Boer war, according to a statement made in the house of commons Wednesday by David Lloyd George. The Boer war lasted two years and nine months.

Another "Right-O" Story

Pancakes and Harmony

The Bookkeeper and the Stenographer Discuss the Art of Cooking

By DOROTHY DIX.

"DID YOU read about that New Jersey divorce suit in which a young wife names a German pancake as the corespondent?" inquired the Bookkeeper.

"All the pancakes that I ever saw, German, allied or neutral, were calculated to turn love's young dream or any other kind of a dream into nightmare," replied the Stenographer. "If I fed my husband on pancakes, it would be because he had a juicy little insurance policy or I thought that black was becoming on me."

"How little you understand the masculine stomach!" retorted the Bookkeeper. "That's why you women lose out so often in matrimony. Give a man what he likes to feed on and he'll eat out of your hand. Otherwise he will fly the coop. A man may desert his own fireside, but never his own dining table if it groans under the particular dishes that he likes best."

Feed the Brute.

"Huck," snuffed the Stenographer, "feed the brute!"

"Precisely," agreed the Bookkeeper. "Now in this pathetic case of a home wrecked by a woman's hand we have a man with an insatiable yearning for German pancakes. Guileless and confiding, believing in the innocence and inexperience of his heart, that the making of German pancakes is second nature to a woman, he married a young creature with every outward attraction, but, alas, one without a pancake soul.

"He sits down hopefully and trustfully to their first meal and takes one mouthful of the alleged pancakes. Horrors! Instead of being light and flakey, a poem of flour and eggs, and whatever else pancakes are made of, it is a cold, flabby concoction more suitable for soling shoes than for human consumption.

"The inevitable result is utter disillusion on the part of the husband. He sees the grave yawning for him if he eats wife's pancakes, and the years stretching before him full of desolation and without comfort if he eschews pancakes, for of what value, I ask you, is a pancakeless existence? So he deserts wife and returns home to mother and her incomparable pancakes.

Back to Mother For Good.

"But this man had a heart, as well as a stomach. He was generous and forbearing. He offered to go back to his wife if she would take a three month's course in cooking. She did. He returned to her, but her pancakes were still below par, and he's gone back to mother and her cooking for good."

"I guess when you separate a man from his food you've got a genuine case of alienation of the affections," remarked the Stenographer cynically.

"The grounds in the coffeepot have furnished the grounds for divorces before now," replied the Bookkeeper. "As long as you keep a man well fed and comfortable he will purr under your hand. That's why it's such a mystery to me that women don't spend their time learning how to cook instead of trying to learn how to play on the piano. Believe me, canned music goes better in the home than canned oats."

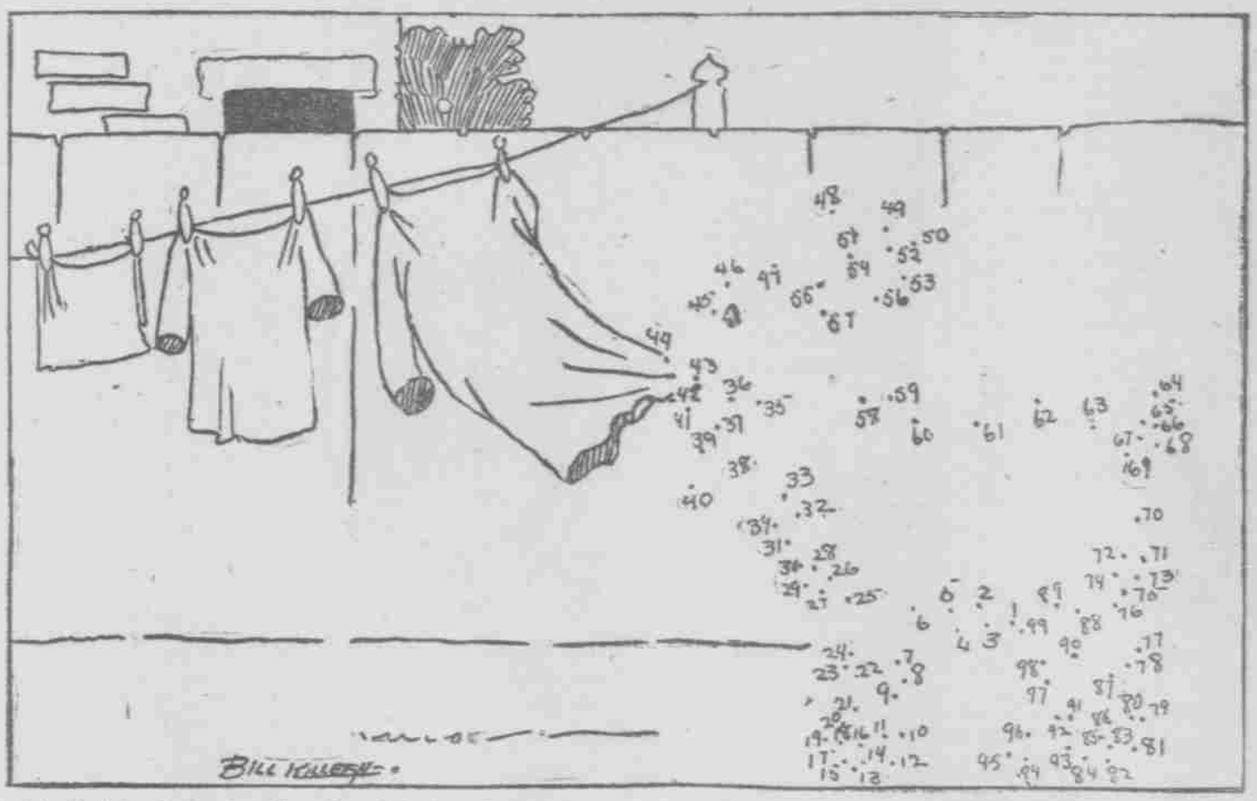
"You can't picture a blissful ending to a romance as saying, 'and they lived happily ever after out of the delicatessen store,'" admitted the Bookkeeper.

"Right-o," responded the Bookkeeper. "A man who loves to eat is delivered, bound and tied into his wife's hands," said the Stenographer, reflectively; "she's always got a way to work him."

"True," replied the Bookkeeper, "but you don't see many girls nowadays that can make pies like mother made."

"And you don't see many young men who can make dough like father made it," retorted the Stenographer.

WHAT'S AFTER THE CLOTHES?--FILL IT OUT



Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots. Begin at No. 1 and take them numerically.